A Eng. Poetry vol 19.

Congratulatory ODE,

On His Royal Highness,

The Most Illustrious

GEORGE AUGUSTUS,

Prince of *Wales,*

His Happy Birth-Day,

Saturday, October 30. 1714.

Humbly and Dutifully Devoted and Inscrib'd

TO

Her Royal Highness, the Most Serene

WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA,

Princess of *Wales,*

By both Their Highnesses

Most Obedient, Loyal and Faithful

Servant to Command,

JOSEPH HARRIS.

-------- IO Triumphe
Non semel Dicemus; IO Triumphe
Civitas Omnis; dabimusque Divis
Thura Benignis. Horat.

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The DEDICATION.

TO

Her Royal Highneſs,

The Princeſs of Wales.

MADAM,

FOR *all the Bleſſings We this Day enjoy, Our* State *Retriev'd, and Our* Church *Redeem'd, what Thanks can We Sufficiently return to Heaven, for it's Amazing Goodneſs, and Exceſs of Love, but Dutifully acknowledge it's unbounded Mercy, in Celebrating, with Praiſe and Joy, this Happy Commemoration of his Highneſs, Your* ROYAL CONSORTS *Moſt Auſpicious Nativity! This Happy Day (next to your* ROYAL FATHER'S *being Crown'd and Fix'd on* Britain's *Imperial Throne) confirms theſe Bleſſings, and tranſmits them down to Eternity it ſelf.*

MADAM, *I wou'd gladly trace the Glories both of Our* KING *and* PRINCE, *thro' all the numerous Mazes of Stupendous Providence, and Divine Peculiar Care; but ſoaring to ſuch a Height, I ſhou'd attempt in vain, for even there I ſhou'd be loſt in Wonder, and Thunder-ſtruck for my Preſumption.*

What I am Able to proſecute in this my Loyal Addreſs to His ROYAL HIGHNESS *on this Solemn Day, I humbly*

Devote,

The DEDICATION.

MOST SERENE PRINCESS, *to Your kind Protection; and wish that my Loyal and Fervent Congratulations, may be as favourably receiv'd and Entertain'd by both Your Highneſſe's, as the First* AUGUSTUS *did that Endearing Title from* Valerius Meſſala, *of Darling of his Country!*

MADAM, *I ſhould be Criminal to the Publick, if in this hurry of Joy, I ſhould longer Harangue, or Detain You from the Admiration of the World; therefore I leave the Detail of both Your* Glories, *for* Hiſtorians *to Deſcribe: For* Poets *muſt be Silent, when ſuch* Vertues *as Yours, exceed even Poetry it ſelf! I therefore ſubmit, and with Profoundeſt Adoration, ſubſcribe my ſelf,*

MADAM,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt Dutiful, Loyal, and Obedient

Servant, to command,

JOSEPH HARRIS.

AN ODE ON His Royal Highneſs, The Prince of WALES's BIRTH-DAY,

Saturday, October 30. 1714.

I.

WAKE all thy *Fire*, *Celeſtial Muſe*,
My *Preſent Song* requires it All;
With Radiant Beams into my *Breaſt* infuſe
A ſtrong, and truly *Loyal Heat*,
Great is my *Subject*, Let Thy *Aid* be *Great*;
Leſt unſuſtain'd, Ingloriouſly I fall!
THEE, *Source* of *Inſpiration*, *Spotleſs Dove*,
Who Pow'rfully on the *Abyſs* did'ſt move;
THEE, I invoke to Sanctify my *Rhyme*!
Exalt me with *Thy Sacred Ardent Flame*;

My

My *Weakneſs*, with Thy *Energy* ſublime,
Enoble, and Succeed the *Conſecrated Theme* !

II.

Hail, then, *Thou* ever *Happy*, *Glorious Day* !
The next to * CÆSAR's, *Twenty Eighth of May* !
May'ſt *Thou*, O *Pointed Glory* ! Ever Shine,
The *Pride* and *Wonder* of *Britannia's Year*;
Atoning all the Ills, throughout the *Kalendar* :
Who on the Beamy Wings of ſpreading Light,
Brought *This Auſpicious Prince*, Amazing Bright,
More *Needful* to our *Peace*, more *Welcome* to our *Sight* !

He is the *Sacred Pledge* of *Love Divine*,
Which proves us ſtill *Th' Almighties* Care ;
And is by *Heaven's All kind* and *Wiſe Deſign*,
Relief to *Ev'ry Want*, *Return* to *Ev'ry Prayer* !

III.

Indulgent Fate ! What *Off'rings* can We *pay*
To *Thee*, for the *Rich Bleſſings* of *This Day* ?
Mercy and *Glory* Both, are Handed down,
In a Long ſucceſſive Train
Of *Growing Kings*—All the Reſult of *Heav'n* !

* *King* GEORGE's *Birth Day*.

This

This PRINCE, th' Immediate to His *Father's Throne*,
From Age to Age *Ordain'd* for *Britain's Crown*,
Muſt, and *ſhall*, It's Great *Decree* maintain!
Fly *Faction*, fly! For ever Baniſh'd hence——
To *Courts* Remote, take thy unwilling Flight;
There, skreen'd from *Vertue*, *Truth*, and *Light*,
Live in the Shades, Dark as the * *Child of Night.*

IV.

But on *Britannia*, let the *Chearful Sun*,
Still his Enliv'ning Beams diſplay;
And Yearly, with *this* PRINCE, let him return
To *Bleſs* and *Crown This Joyful Day!*
Long in the Roll of Time, and Vaſt Futurity,
Let Him with Glory Shine, and Ever Happy be!
Thus to *Our* PRINCE, on This *Bleſt Day*,
Still an Altar we will raiſe;
And to Heav'n Our Off'rings pay,
In ſhrines of Honour, and of Praiſe!

V.

But ſee, The PRINCESS, with her Lovely Train,
Comes to Congratulate the Royal Swain!

---

* *The Pretender.*

Hail,

Hail, My *Dear Lord!* The *Charming Bride* does cry;
All Hail, Great Sir, The Smiling *Babes* reply!
What *Angels* are, is in *These Children* seen,
Their *Awful Glories*, their *Engaging Mein*!
For in their *Aspects* all the *Graces* meet,
All that is *Noble, Beautiful*, and *Sweet*!
But in the *Mother* * in that *Heavenly Fair!*
What *Epithets* of *Praise* can with *Her Form* compare?
There ev'ry *Charm* in lofty *Triumph* sits,
Scorns poor *Defect*, and to no *Fault* submits;
There *Symetry*, *Complection*, *Air*, and *Grace* unite,
Sublimely *Noble*, and Amazing Bright!
So, newly *Finish't* by the *Hand Divine*,
Did the *First Bright Created Woman* shine!
But since the *First* in *Paradise* was joyn'd,
Two Hearts like *These* were ne'er so well combin'd:
Each is to *Other* the *Divineſt Bliſs*;
He is *Her Heaven*, and *She* is more than *His*!
O, may the Kindeſt *Influence* Above,
Protect their *Perſons*, and Indulge their *Love*!
Till a long Age, with *Fame* and *Glory*, end
The *Triple Union*, of *Husband, Wife*, and *Friend*.

FINIS.

* The Printer.